Des. A man that all his time,
Hath founded his good fortunes on your loue,
Shar'd dangers with you.
Oth. The handkercher.
Des. Ifaith you are too blame.
Oth. Zouns. *Exit.*
Em. Is not this man iealous?
Des. I ne're saw this before:
Sure there's some wonder in this handkercher,
I am most vnhappy in the losse.

Enter Iago *and* Cassio.

Em. Tis not a yeere or two shewes vs a man,
They are all but stomacks, and we all but foode;
They eate vs hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch vs; looke you, *Cassio* and my husband.
Iag. There is no other way, tis she must doe it,
And loe the happinesse, goe, and importune her.
Des. How now good *Cassio*, what's the news with you?
Cas. Madam, my former suite: I doe beseech you,
That by your vertuous meanes, I may againe
Exist, and be a member of his loue,
Whom I, with all the duty of my heart,
Intirely honour, I would not be delayed:
If my offence be of such mortall kind,
That neither seruice past, nor present sorrowes,
Nor purpos'd merrit, in futurity
Can ransome me, into his loue againe
But to know so, must be my benefit,
So shall I cloth me in a forc'd content,
And shoote my selfe vp in some other course,
To fortunes almes.
Des. Alas thrice gentle *Cassio*,
My aduocation is not now in tune;
My Lord is not my Lord, nor should I know him,
Were he in fauour, as in humor alred.
So helpe me, euery spirit sanctified,
As I haue spoken for you, all my best,

And

And stood within the blanke of
For my free speech: you must a
What I can doe I will, and more
Then for my selfe I dare, let that
Iag. Is my Lord angry?
Em. He went hence but now
And certainely in strange vnquie
Iag. Can he be angry? I ha
When it hath blowne his rankes
And (like the Diuell) from his v
Puft his owne brother, and can
Something of moment then: I
There's matter in't indeed, if he
Desd. I preethee do so: some
Either from *Venice*, or some vnha
Made demonstrable here in *Cypr*
Hath pudled his cleere spirit, and
Mens natures wrangle with infe
Tho great ones are the obiect,
Tis euen so: for let our finger ak
And it endues our other heathfu
Euen to that sence of paine; nay
Men are not gods,
Nor of them looke for such obse
As fits the Bridall: beshrew me
I was (vnhandsome, warrior as I
Arraigning his vnkindenesse with
But now I finde, I had subborned
And hee's indited falsly.
Em. Pray heauen it be State
And no conception, nor no iealo
Concerning you.
Desd. Alas the day, I neuer g
Em But iealous soules will
They are not euer iealous for the
But iealous for they are iealous
Begot vpon it selfe, borne on it s

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